LITERARY TABLET.

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SELECTIONS.

The Character of EDMUND BURKE.

BY DOCTOR PARR.

There is, I am aware, a certain wordy ſpeaker, who, for his readineſs and fluency, and ſhowy exercitations, has obtained among the multitude the character of the conſummate orator. Let the admirers of this man gnaſh their teeth with vexation, while I ſpeak what my ſoul dictates, of the eloquence of Burke—of Burke, by whoſe ſweetneſs Athens herſelf would have been ſoothed, with whoſe amplitude and exuberance, ſhe would have been enraptured, and on whoſe lips that prolific mother of genius and ſcience, would have adored, confeſſed the Goddeſs of Perſuaſion.

There were ſome among the Romans who eſteemed a certain terſeneſs and exility of ſtyle and ſentiment, provided it were laboured, and poliſhed, and elegant, as truly Attic; and held the more full and grand, and commanding, and magnificent ſpecies of oratary in the higheſt contempt. Vain of their taſte and their ſagacity, and inſenſible of the gradations, the tranſitions, and the variety of the Athenian ſtyle, ſuch men had the audacity to condemn the harangues of Cicero himſelf, as tumid, oriental, and redundant. Men have not been wanting with us, who have croaked the ſame dull note, and repeated the ſame lifeleſs criticiſm of the eloquence of Burke. But let theſe vain pretenders to Attic taſte, without the robuſtneſs of mind to tolerate its beauties, learn to think more highly of our illuſtrious orator; let them know, that to imitate Burke, is to ſpeak Athenian like and well; and that even to have attained a reliſh for the charms, is greatly to have advanced in literature.

Let me add, and it is much to the purpoſe, that Burke, on whatever topic he touches, in the excurſive range of his alluſions, appears a maſter of the ſubject; and to have acquired a deep and thorough inſight into whatever is excellent in elegant art or ſolid ſcience. Critics there are who wiſh to ſeparate eloquence from literature, and to aſcribe the powers of the orator to a certain natural talent improved by habit. While we congratulate theſe original and unlettered ſpeakers, let us admire in Burke a mind by nature formed for eloquence, and impregnated with every ſubſidiary, by ſedulous and unwearied application. He applied himſelf to claſſical literature, becauſe he knew that from that literature the orator was furniſhed with its choiceſt ornaments, and becauſe he felt that it ſilently infuſed the habit of ſpeaking even Engliſh well.

Demoſthenes is ſaid to have been a reader, and even an auditor of Plato; and Cicero is confirmed in this opinion by the choice and grandeur of his ſtyle. How deeply read is Burke; what memory from the orators and poets, ſo forcibly felt by every man of letters, in that ſtrong tincture of literature which pervades, with eſſential fragrance, all his compoſitions. His ſuperior genius, like that of Phidias, was no ſooner exhibited than felt; but obſerving how much the brighteſt talents have been obſcured by negligence, he never relaxed his ardent aſſiduity a moment, nor ſuffered the extent of his attainments to damp his appetite for more.

Few have the opportunity or the power of forming a competent opinion of a ſpeech delivered; but of Burke's eloquence there are ſpecimens, of which every one may judge. Look at what he has publiſhed, the charm equally of the world at large, and of the ableſt critics. Who is there among men of eloquence or learning more profoundly verſed in every branch of ſcience? Who is there that has cultivated philoſophy, the parent of all that is illuſtrious in literature or exploit, with more felicitous ſucceſs? Who is there that can transfer ſo happily the reſult of laborious and intricate reſearch, to the moſt familiar and popular topics? Who is there that poſſeſſes ſo extenſive, yet ſo accurate an acquaintence with every tranſaction, recent or remote? Who is there that can deviate from his ſubject, for the purpoſes of delight, with ſuch engaging eaſe, and inſenſibly conduct his readers from the ſeverity of reaſoning to the feſtivity of wit? Who is there that can melt them, if the occaſion require, with ſuch reſiſtleſs power, to grief and pity? Who is there that combines the charm of inimitable grace and urbanity with ſuch magnificent and boundleſs expanſion? He that can do this, I affirm it again and again, has Attic powers, and ſpeaks a language which, while it ſooths the multitude by its ſweetneſs, by the correctneſs and pregnancy, will captivate he judgment of the ſevereſt critic.

(To be continued.)

The following deſcription of the manner, in which the friends of Goldſmith undertook to applaud one of this author's dramatic productions, is from the pen of Richard Cumberland. For humor, it is irreſiſtible, and will diſcompoſe the muſcles of the graveſt countenance.

We were not over-ſanguine of ſucceſs, but perfectly determined to ſtruggle hard for our author: we accordingly aſſembled our ſtrength at the Shakſpeare Tavern in a conſiderable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnſon took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and ſoul of the corps: the poet took poſt ſilently by his ſide with th Burkes, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Caleb Whitefor and a phalanx of North-Britiſh pre-determine applauders, under the banner of Major Mill all good men and true. Our illuſtrious preſ dent was in inimitable glee, and poor Gol ſmith that day took all his raillery as patient and complacently as my friend Boſwell woul have done any day, or every day of his lif In the mean time we did not forget our dut and though we had a better comedy going on, which Johnſon was chief actor, we betook ou ſelves in good time to our ſeparate and allotte poſts, and waited the awful drawing up of t curtain. As our ſtations were pre-concerte ſo were our ſignal for plaudits arranged ar determined upon in a manner, that gave eve one his cue where to look for them, and ho to follow them up.

We had amongſt us a very worthy and ef cient member, long ſince loſt to his frien and the world at large, Adam Drummon of amiable memory, who was gifted by n ture with the moſt ſonorous, and at the ſam time the moſt contagious, laugh, that ev echoed from the human lungs. The neig ing of the horſe of the ſon of Hyſtaſpes w a whiſper to it; the whole thunder of t theatre could not drown it. This kind a ingenuous friend fairly fore-warned us th he knew no more when to give his fire th the cannon did that was planted on a batte He deſired therefore to have a flapper at elbow, and I had the honour to be deput to that office. I planted him in an upp box, pretty nearly over the ſtage, in full vi of the pit and galleries, and perfectly w ſituated to give the echo all its play throu the hollows and receſſes of the theatre. T ſucceſs of our manœuvres was complete. eyes were upon Johnſon, who ſate in a fr row of a ſide box, and when he laughed ery body thought themſelves warranted roar. In the mean time my friend follow ſignals with a rattle ſo irreſiſtibly comic, t when he had repeated it ſeveral times, the tention of the ſpectators was ſo engroſſed his perſon and performances, that the prog of the play ſeemed likely to become a ſ ondary object, and I found it prudent to ſinuate to him that he might halt his m without any prejudice to the author; alas, it was now to late to rein him in; had laughed upon my ſignal where he fo no joke, and now unluckily he fancied t he found a joke in almoſt every thing t was ſaid; ſo that nothing in nature could more mal-a-pro-pos than ſome of his bu every now and then were. Theſe were d gerous moments, for the pit began to t umbrage; but we carried our play throu and triumphed not only over Colman's ju ment, but our own.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

no will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back ? If fortune had turned him *into* a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osbourne for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and wherever he sate down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong bold thought about him, that we might still have a collectanea after his death ; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something more, especially of poetry, which under favour I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his Rasselas at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire, and brought the question to the test, if infidelity any aid to wit. An orator he must have been ; not improbably a parliamentarian, and, such, certainly an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would dubitably have been no member of the Whig Club, no partisan of Wilkes, no friend Hume, no believer in Macpherson ; he would have put up prayers for early rising, and laid in bed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius, we are now to enquire what he was by compulsion.

Johnson's first style was naturally energetic, his middle style was turgid to a fault, his later style was softened down and harmonized into periods, more tuneful and more intelligible. His execution was rapid, yet his mind was not easily provoked into exertion ; the variety we find in his writings was not the variety of choice arising from the impulse of his proper genius, but tasks imposed upon him by the dealers in ink, and contracts on his part submitted to in satisfaction of the craving calls of hungry want ; for, painful as it is to relate, I have heard that illustrious scholar assert (and he never varied from the truth of fact) that he subsisted himself for a considerable space of time upon the scanty pittance of four-pence half-penny per day. How melancholy to reflect that his vast trunk with its stimulating appetite were to be supported by that will barely feed the weaned infant ! or much less, than Master Betty has earned in one night, would have cheered the vacant mind and maintained the athletic body of Samuel Johnson in comfort and abundance for a twelve month. Alas ! I am unable it to paint his character ; nor is there need of it ; *Etiam mortuus loquitur* : every man who can buy a book, has bought a *Boswell* ; Johnson is known to all the reading world. I also knew him well, respected him highly, loved him sincerely : it was never my chance to see him in those moments of moroseness and ill humour, which are imputed to him, perhaps with truth, for who would slander him ? But I am not warranted by any experience of those humours to speak of him otherwise than of a friend, who always met me with kindness, and from whom I never separated without regret. When I sought his company he had no capricious excuses for withholding it, but lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and bro't good humor with him, that gave life to the circle he was in. He presented himself always in his fashion of apparel ; a brown coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat and worsted stockings, with a flowing bob wig was the style of his wardrobe, but they were in perfectly good trim, and with the ladies, which he generally met, he had nothing of the slovenly philosopher about him ; he fed heartily, but not voraciously, and was extremely courteous in his commendations of any dish, that pleased his palate ; he suffered his next neighbor to squeeze the China oranges into his wine glass after dinner, which else perchance had gone aside, and trickled into his shoes, for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves.

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing ? Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident ? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod ? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave !—*Burns.*

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE WANDERING JEW.

LETTER TO ——

My dear Friend,

IT is wonderful to observe the operation of that strange and delusive passion which every individual indulges for himself ;—how ready he is to push himself forward on every occasion ; and how willing to consider himself of consequence superior to any one of the multitude about him. No matter what is the real merit to which a man is entitled. No matter whether he be an untutored blockhead, or a scholar, eminent and profound. No matter whether he is brought up from his cradle to trundle a wheel-barrow, or loll in a coach and six. It is of very little consequence, in fine, whether nature designed him to creep obscurely along the by-paths of life, or flourish with splendor in the open scene of action. Such is the frailty and weakness of the whole race of those creatures emphatically termed the *animal rationale*, that a very little flattery added to the exalted opinion which each one entertains of his noble self, is sufficient to make him, in his own estimation, worthy the empire of the world. It is said by some great historian, that on a certain time, a crew of English tars being overtaken in a boisterous tempest, were split upon a rock, and shipwrecked on the coast of Africa. The natives having seized the plunder from the ruins of the ship, made prisoners of the sailors, and carried them off with much solemnity, to receive their final destination from the mouth of their monarch. This august and venerable personage sat erect in all the pomp and splendor of majesty. His crown was a bladder drawn closely over his head and ears ; his royal body was covered with a skin newly torn from a wild beast, tied loosely about his neck and hanging half way to the ground ; his royal legs, arms and feet, were in the same state in which nature formed them. His throne was the stump of a tree ; his sceptre a huge club ; his palace bark and brushwood, rudely thrown together. After making with great importance many enquiries of his prisoners, concerning the country from which they came, he raised himself with monstrous dignity from his throne, and with a stern and commanding voice, said to the foremost among them—"Don't they talk much of me in England ? don't they tremble at my power and influence ?"—Dost thou think, my friend, that this Eastern Monarch presents a singular instance of human extravagance ?—Thou thinkest wrongly. Almost every individual among us, has the seeds of the same spirit, lying latent in his bosom, which need but little cultivation, to make them spring up and flourish in luxuriance. There is an unconquerable rage, among all classes in the country, where I now am wandering, for becoming authors and critics. Indeed creatures of this kind are so abundantly humorous, that a man can scarcely walk the street, without stumbling upon a critic or an author of the first magnitude. People here, are not content to have their ignorance known merely to themselves ; they are ever impatient until they can display it to the world. None of them are satisfied with remaining in the back scene, where they can pass unobserved among the rubbish ; but are always crouding them-

ſelves among the moſt prominent figures in front, where their deformity is ſure to be ſeen and deſpiſed,—where they are certain of notice, but equally certain of being broken down, and trodden under foot. Providence ſeems to have deſigned in her boundleſs wiſdom, that the follies of men ſhall make but a tranſient impreſſion. But fooliſh mortals, not ſatisfied with this; not satisfied with wearying thoſe, with whom they live, even wiſh to trouble future generations, and, if poſſible, make their ignorance immortal. Mankind poſſeſs an inconquerable love of celebrity; and what they have not wiſdom to effect, they attempt by inſipidity and weakneſs. As to critics, we are ſtill more thronged with them, than with the claſs I have juſt mentioned. Thoſe who are unable to combine ideas, will tear them aſunder; thoſe who never could erect a building, can break it down. The miſplacing of a letter, the omiſſion of a comma, or miſpelling of a word, is ſufficient to afford buſineſs to numerous hordes of blockheads, who, in the moſt luminous productions of their own, do but little better than to mangle their native language. The inimitable Goldſmith has ſomewhere obſerved with much truth, that "the ignorant critic and dull remarker can readily ſpy blemiſhes in eloquence and morals, whoſe ſentiments are not ſufficiently elevated to obſerve a beauty; but ſuch are judges neither of books nor of life; they can diminiſh no ſolid reputation by their cenſure, nor beſtow a laſting character by their applauſe; in ſhort, ſuch only can confer real fame on others, who have merit themſelves to deſerve it." I remain thy ſincere friend. Adieu.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE MORALIST—No. II.

ASTATOS had juſt entered his twentieth year, under the foſtering care of his affectionate parents. They had provided for his health and comfort, and beſtowed on his mind that portion of their attention and direction which is uſually deemed ſufficient, or at leaſt, which moſt children receive. He was inſtructed in the common ſciences and arts, and knew how to reduce them to practice. He had been taught to honor and obey his parents, reſpect his ſuperiors and reverence the wiſe. But in the ſcience of human nature he was never initiated. He had read; but his reading was without method, without reflection, and he knew not the uſe to be made thereof, to apply his knowledge to himſelf. He knew no higher authority for moral obligation, no other ſtandard of right and wrong, than the *word* of his parent or inſtructor. He had been told that firſt of truths "there is a God." This ſentiment, ſo congenial to his natural feelings, obtained his belief; but rather from that circumſtance, and the authority of his inſtructors, than any reaſoning of his own; for he had ſeldom thought on Him who made him, and never formed any adequate and conſiſtent ideas of his character.—Yet ſuch was the early bias of his mind, and ſuch the effect of his firſt habits which were formed under the direction of his parents, that he appeared amiable in his diſpoſition, decent, reſpectful and circumſpect in his behavior. But he was moral, he knew not *why*; upright, he knew not *wherefore*. Cuſtom and faſhion were his only rules of conduct; and happy was he that he lived in a ſociety comparatively moral and regular; otherwiſe theſe meteor guides would have led him to the precipice of deſtruction. His actions proceeded from the impulſe of the moment, tempered only by a regard for his reputation, or a reſpect for the characters of ſpectators. His actions therefore were as various as the circumſtances in which he was placed, or the perſons with whom he was converſant.

Such was Aſtatos when he was introduced for the firſt time to his venerable grandfather. Reſpect for age and experience in the one, and affection for the child of a beloved ſon in the other, produced an intereſting converſation. The old gentleman ſoon diſcovered the character of his young friend; and he who had experienced the want of *ſtability*, and a due conſideration of *what and where we are* through a long life, was anxious that his knowledge gained in this manner ſhould not periſh with him. Knowing that their converſation muſt be brief, he could not enter into a detail of the reſults of his experience: He therefore only labored to impreſs his mind with the importance of having ſome object in view in all his conduct, of forming ſome *ſyſtem* for the regulation of his life; and thereby induce him to think for himſelf. My ſon, ſaid the old man, you are placed in an exalted rank in the ſcale of being.

The old man left him—His words were to Aſtatos as the hearty ſhake of a friend to one in deep ſleep—They touched his heart—He could not forget the old man—He muſed—he reflected—he ſaw he was not born to follow the example of others for a moment and ſink into oblivion. He raiſed his thoughts to the dignity of his nature. He now read the writings of others with a new underſtanding, and with a new object in view, for he felt *intereſted* in the reſearches of the wiſe, and to *himſelf* he made the application. He recurred to thoſe who had written on the nature of man and his duties, and relations—and who had obtained the teſtimony of the judicious for accuracy of thought and juſtneſs of remark. He eſpecially applied to the *book* in which are written, emphatically, the words of the wiſe; even of thoſe whom (he was ſoon convinced) God had made wiſe. His enquiry was aſſidious, for its object was himſelf, the motive his own happineſs. With his friends, the ſubject of human nature was now his theme of converſation. I had the pleaſure to obſerve (what indeed I did not expect) a ſincere regard to *truth* was his primary *object* in all his inquiries, without the appearance of any lurking principle of ſelf-intereſt, prejudice or antipathy to miſlead his judgment. He gradually aſſumed the appearance of a SELF Governor; when one evening he happened to paſs nigh me as each were taking our ſolitary walks, and I overheard the following ſoliloquy.—

Can you ſuppoſe that you were thus created, and thus placed; thus endued with *intellect*, and ſtamped with the ſeal of immortality, merely to "look about you and to die?" Were you made to be the ſport of paſſion and the creature of the moment? No, be aſſured the *end* of your exiſtence is *important* and the part you are to act on *this ſtage* is highly intereſting. Remember what I ſay—The relations you ſuſtain to the objects which ſurround you, to your fellowmen, and to the Being who made them all, are awfully intereſting. Study theſe—Acquaint yourſelf with God—Know mankind—Know thyſelf—Thus ſhall you form to yourſelf a ſyſtem of action, by which you may paſs through this troubled ſea, ſafely—with uſefulneſs and honor. But let me tell you, it is beneath the dignity of your nature to be the ſport of faſhion, and of capricious cuſtom—you who are capable of aſcertaining the *end* of your exiſtence and the means to obtain it—Therefore, never do any thing without a reaſon.

DIED,

On Thurſday, the 26th March, Mrs. MARY WOODWARD, æt. 58, conſort of the late Hon. *Bezaleel Woodward*, Profeſſor of Mathematics and Natural Philoſophy at Dartmouth Univerſity. Her funeral was attended on Sunday following, by a numerous concourſe of people; on which occaſion, a ſolemn and appropriate diſcourſe was delivered by Profeſſor *Shirtliff*.

We have rarely been obliged to lament a more ſerious ſtroke of Providence, than the preſent. By the death of this very eminently worthy and pious woman, the ſex are bereaved of a brilliant ornament; her family of a valuable bleſſing; ſociety of an honor; humanity of a ſincere and unalienable friend. She was pure, upright, and elevated in her ſentiments of moral rectitude; ingenuous, dignified, and unblemiſhed in her deportment through every period of life. In the numerous and important duties, incumbent on beings, in this ever varying and tranſitory ſcene, ſhe was rigidly faithful and diligent. In all domeſtic cares, ſhe was unceaſingly watchful. She was kind, affectionate, indulgent, in her conjugal and maternal relations; as a ſiſter, endearing; as a friend, undiſſembling and affable; as a member of ſociety, conſpicuouſly uſeful, and deſervedly high in the eſtimation of all who knew her. She ameliorated the diſtreſſes of the unhappy and misfortunate; and caſt a mantle of benevolence over the errors of the weak. To the indigent, ſhe opened the hand of charity; and often made cheerful, by her beneficence, the gloomy heritage of affliction. In her religious character, ſhe was neither an enthuſiaſt nor a bigot; but a conſtant and faithful follower in the pure paths of the humble Jeſus. Her life was a life of holineſs, of communion with God, of warm and inviolable attachment towards that church, eſtabliſhed by her honored father, the founder of Dartmouth College, in which ſhe was enrolled. In the evening of her days, during the ravages of a lingering diſorder, ſhe exhibited a true chriſtian fortitude and firmneſs. Supported by the conſoling ſentiment of conſcious rectitude, and confiding in the infinite mercy of the Redeemer, ſhe bore the intimations of approaching diſſolution, with unaffected calmneſs and ſerenity. In the darkeſt hour of nature,—in thoſe awful moments, when hypocriſy drops its maſk, when deceit loſes its arts, and the ſoul is diſcloſed to view, in its own undiſguiſed form, ſhe was perfectly cheerful and reſigned. Her converſation was in heaven; her thoughts were above mortality. She quitted life without a ſtruggle or a ſigh, and obeyed without a murmur, the ſtill ſmall voice, which invited her to thoſe regions, *where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary are at reſt.*

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

Lines ſuppoſed to have been written by a young man, on his paſſage down the North River to the State Priſon, where he was condemned to be immured for life.

Adieu, ye green trees, ye ſoft meadows, adieu ;
Ye rocks, and ye mountains, I haſten from you ;
No more ſhall my eyes with your beauties be bleſt ;
No more ſhall ye ſoothe my ſad boſom to reſt.
Ye birds, who ſo ſweetly on each verdant ſpray,
Now twitter your loves, and your troubles away ;
Ah ! what would I give in your pleaſures to ſhare !
To ſtray where I pleaſe, and to breathe the freſh air.
Ye fiſhes ſo nimbly that ſport in the ſtream,
Reviv'd by the warmth of the Sun's cheering beam ;
No more ſhall I witneſs your ſkill in the wave,
Debarr'd from all freedom on this ſide the grave.
No more ſhall I taſte the pure breezes of morn,
Nor view the ſoft ſhadows ſteal over the lawn,
Nor Sun, Moon, nor Stars, ſhall again bleſs my ſight ;
The gloom of a priſon's a cold cheerleſs night.
Roll on, noble river, in grandeur and pride,
Waft the ſtores of my country on every tide ;
Bring thy full ſhare of wealth from the wide-ſpreading ſea ;
Tho' comfort and hope muſt be ſtrangers to me.
Oh horror ! my miſery never can ceaſe,
Nor my boſom again know the ſolace of peace ;
By the ſcorpions of juſtice, now ſcourg'd from mankind,
I leave neither friendſhip nor pity behind.
With the goadings of guilt, in the depth of deſpair,
What words can the height of my anguiſh declare !
The juſt laws of my country have fix'd my ſad doom,
To be buried alive—a dark dungeon my tomb !
What is life without liberty ? oft have I ſaid ;
She ſweetens pale poverty's pittance of bread ;
But theſe chains, and a priſon, extort a deep ſigh,
My heart ſinks within me ; I languiſh to die !
Farewell, all my friends, now unwilling to own,
That ſuch a vile outcaſt you ever have known ;
Oh ! that pang—but 'twas due to my children and wife :—
Oh ! pity and pardon a priſoner for life.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY COWPER.

THE green-houſe is my ſummer ſeat ;
My ſhrubs diſplac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air ;
Two gold-finches, whoſe ſprightly ſong
Had been their mutual ſolace long,
Liv'd happy priſoners there.

They ſung, as blithe as finches ſing,
That flutter looſe on golden wing,
And frolic where they liſt ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miſs'd.

But nature works in every breaſt ;
Inſtinct is never quite ſuppreſs'd ;
And Dick felt ſome deſires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Inſtructed him at length to gain
A paſs between his wires.

The open windows ſeem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight ;
But Tom was ſtill confin'd ;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and ſincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, ſettling on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiſs'd him, giving proof
That he deſir'd no more ;
Nor would forſake his cage at laſt,
Till gently ſeiz'd, I ſhut him faſt,
A priſ'ner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendſhip—ſatisfy'd with noiſe,
Fandango, ball, and rout !
Bluſh, when I tell you how a bird,
A priſon with a Friend preferr'd,
To liberty without.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

*** The following Song was ſung by Mr. Incledon, at a dinner given by the friends of Mr. Sheridan, during the pendency of his election. It was written by Mr. Dibdin.*

YE Lads who wiſh well to the ſpot of your birth,
The moſt independent and happy on earth ;
It reſts with yourſelves that in future you be—
As you ever HAVE been—United and Free.

It depends on yourſelves that no Hypocrite rob
This Land of its Rights by the threat of a Mob ;
You ne'er will give way to the bluſter and noiſe
Of *Impoſtors !* who CALL THEMSELVES Liberty Boys !

The men who from harm would your country ſave,
Are not bullies nor blackguards, but men truly brave :
The one who for years has made Freedom's cauſe ſmile,*
The other who firſt broke the line at the Nile.†
The people's real Champions, believe me, are thoſe
Who within and without doors dare combat your foes.
Give your votes to the true Friends of Liberty-Hall ;
Who ſcorn to rob PETER to heap upon PAUL.‡

* *Sheridan.* † *Com. Hood, another candidate.* ‡ *Mr. Paul, another candidate. Weſtminſter returns two members.*

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

By Peter Pindar.

HERE ſleeps what was *innocence* once, but its ſnows
Were ſullied and trod with diſdain ;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its roſe,
And flung like a weed to the plain.
O Pilgrim, look down on her grave with a ſigh,
Who fell the ſad victim of *art ;*
E'en Cruelty's ſelf muſt bid her hard eye
A pearl of compaſſion impart.
Ah ! think not, ye prudes, that a ſigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the God ;
Lo ! Virtue already hath mourn'd at her bier,
And the lilly will bloom on her ſod.

The reader will perceive that the following Poem is built on the Text prefixed, and that the firſt line of each ſtanza is borrowed from it.

Behold alas ! our Days we ſpend ;
How vain they be, how ſoon they end !

BEHOLD
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough of old
To meaſure out the life of man :
In thoſe well tempered days, his time was then
Survey'd caſt up, and found but three ſcore years and ten.

ALAS !
And what is that ?
They come, and ſlide and paſs,
Before my pen could tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeven ſport ſtages o'er, their ſhort liv'd taſk is done.

OUR DAYS
Begun, we lend
To ſleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the firſt ſtage end ;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs—we rather breathe than live.

WE SPEND
A ten year's breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death ;
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with painted joys
Which pleaſe the ſenſe awhile, and, waking, prove but toys !

HOW VAIN,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a ſtate as this !
His days are ſhort at longeſt ; few at moſt—
They are but bad at beſt ; yet laviſh'd out, or loſt !

THEY BE
The ſecret ſprings
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift than eagle's wings !
Our life's a clock, and every gaſp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time ſhall ſtrike a death !

HOW SOON
Our new born light
Attains to full ag'd noon !
And this, how ſoon to grey hair'd night !
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom, and we blaſt,
Ere we can count our days, becauſe they flee ſo faſt.

THEY END
When ſcarce begun :
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done :
Man count thy days : and if they fly too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the laſt.